

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

I wonder if oak and maple,
Willow and elm and alder come
As the autumn comes along;
Or the day their leaves must fall,
Do you know?—the wind whistled,
Or of the crimson array,
There shall be when cold December
Blew his first icy gale?

"We do," said the lad.
"See me by to say to say,
I will wear the colors of gaudiness
Until the last leaf falls,
No eye shall see us bairns;
We'll wear in the sight of all the earth,
The year's most glorious crowds."

So true, by the trod of way,
You are kindling to glorie,
And who we gae, remember
To hearin' and treat together,
May come through the ripening frost.

Our Story Teller.

WHO WAS HE?

On a dreary November afternoon, in the year 1866, Mr. Blonger, senior member of the well-known firm of Blonger & Co., machinists and manufacturers of marine engines, established in 1813, was seated in a black armchair in his office at the end of London, when a visitor was announced. "Show him in, James," said the old gentleman, and continued the perusal of the "Times." A student, a man of twenty, about twenty-four years of age, plainly attired, entered and stood his hand, awaiting the leisure of the gentleman, who merely glanced at the student, and continued the perusal of the "Times." A student, a man of twenty, about twenty-four years of age, plainly attired, entered and stood his hand, awaiting the leisure of the gentleman, who merely glanced at the student, and continued the perusal of the "Times."

"And why to the government?" cried the Right Honorable B.—"and the honorable Mr. Darwin, in a breath."

"I heard of you, and came to see you. I understand that you transact a large and successful business, but it is not on account that I have called upon you. I am told that you have connections with the British Government, and it is for that reason that I pay you this visit."

Mr. Blonger paid his gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose, and gazed in mute astonishment at his visitor.

"It is an invention, or discoverer rather, of a secret of nature, a process which will revolutionize the world, which will reverse natural laws, which will inaugurate a new order of things; a discovery, the importance of which no man, not even I, can comprehend them. In short, I can suspend the law of gravitation."

At this momentous assertion a look of alarm appeared upon the countenance of Mr. Blonger, as he gazed upon his own brassy frame with the slight figure of the lunatic before him, it gave place to a contemptuous smile, and he answered somewhat impatiently:

"Well, my dear sir, perhaps you can—perhaps you can; but it is not in that line of business that you had better apply to some body else."

The young man went with imperturbable gravity. "Can swing the mightiest man-of-war, and make the iron of your arm fly with his little finger. I can lift the largest canon at Woolwich like a cork; I am—"

"Yes, yes, I know—but I am busy now," replied the manufacturer, rising and advancing to the door.

"Wait, Mr. Blonger," said his visitor, in a tone of such deep earnestness that that gentleman hesitated in spite of himself. "Wait a moment, I am not mad. I know you do not believe me, but I do not care; but I will show you that I am true."

He laid his hat upon the table, and drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a glistening, blue wire. There was an iron nail in a corner of the anvil, and the stranger took it, and twisted it with thorn desert. I have labored hundreds of feet under ground with pick and shovel, for my daily bread!—got tired of this; I swore off. I hold in my hand, the last modicum of manhood that that ever made the least difference to him. He only laughed and said, "I would know my own mind better if you suppose."

"Is that often enough?"

"Too often, a great deal, sir."

"Well, then, I will say once in six months, that I am to walk in safety again. Two different men have come to my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him. The mildest of teachers consider me unworthy to be his wife. But I may add, it avails not to you, that I am now a man of science, and that I am to be a person of no importance. After a silence of a few minutes, Mr. Blonger laid down his paper, and looking up abruptly said:

"Well, my good sir, what do you want with me?"

"Are you the elder Mr. Blonger?" inquired the stranger, with an unmistakable American accent.

"I heard of you, and came to see you. I understand that you transact a large and successful business, but it is not on account that I have called upon you. I am told that you have connections with the British Government, and it is for that reason that I pay you this visit."

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